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3.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



IT WON'T DO!

The Wicked Old Senatorial Witch Tries to Substitute an Ugly Changeling for a Healthy Baby.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 15th, 1888.—No. 597.

SHERIDAN.

HIS WAS the foremost sword in fight;
His was the generous hand in peace —
True soldier, quick to serve the right;
Quick to let anger cease.

He served his country, and, his task
Once done, in silence went his way,
Too great for more reward to ask
Than Love may freely pay.

And, as he yielded up his breath,
The nation came to crown his head:
And Honor, in the face of Death,
Stood by the hero's bed.

But not his last hour made him great,
Nor any tribute in our gift —
'T is not in favor or in fate
Such spirits to uplift.

This be his record: When he passed,
His foe was even as his friend;
And the whole land, one land at last,
Shall mourn a Patriot's end.

H. C. B.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE ARE NOT sure that our Republican friends care to discuss the tariff question. They seem to be more deeply interested in private matters of their own, in which outsiders can hardly take an intelligent interest. It is not for us to say whether the Republican party belongs wholly to Mr. James G. Blaine or whether it owes any duty to Mr. Benjamin Harrison, as its regular nominee. This delicate question of party etiquette we must leave for the party to settle; and if Republicans have no time for other questions, far be it from us to obtrude unwelcome topics upon their consideration. So perhaps it is not a bad time for people whose interests lie in other directions to talk among themselves of the things that concern them. While the Republican party is determining the ownership of its own house, let us who hold the good of the nation more than the good of any one man or any one set of men — let us try to find out who owns this country: whether it is the property of one class or of all its citizens.

When the politicians talk, on the stump or through their newspaper "organs," they leave an impression that the politics of this country are shaped solely and entirely to catch certain "votes." There is the Manufacturing Vote, the Labor Vote, the Irish Vote, the German Vote, the Liquor-Dealers' Vote and the Farmers' Vote — this last vote always the least considered of all. But do any of the politicians think of the plain Citizen's Vote? Do they realize that he counts for something, this plain citizen, and that he has a vote as well as any member of a specially privileged class? Well, no, you never hear of the plain citizen. If he does not belong to one of the recognized classes of voters, he does not count in the politician's calculations. He counts in the popular vote, when it comes to an honest count; but this is a fact of which the politician will never become cognizant.

Why should he? What is the average politician? A man who feels the pulse of the people? who studies their tendencies? who knows their needs and their wishes? Nothing of the sort. He has as little to do with the people as the butcher has to do with the cattle on a thousand hills. He knows nothing of them; he cares nothing for them. He deals only with minor politicians, who contract with him to deliver this, that or the other vote, in return for such and such a division of offices. To him, these brokers of votes represent the people at large; and if he ever discovers that he has not received the number of votes he had calculated upon, he can only think that there has been treachery or incompetence among his agents. He can not comprehend — he never will be able to

comprehend — that the deciding vote of this country comes from people who vote not because they are Manufacturers or because they are Laborers, or because they are Irishmen, or because they are Germans — or Liquor-Dealers or Farmers or any thing else — but because they are good citizens, and believe in voting for what they consider right. He does not know this. He can not realize that when this class ceases to exist, the country must also cease to exist — that no Republic can live which has no higher purpose, no nobler scheme of government than office-brokerage.

Still, whether the politician knows it or knows it not, this class exists, and rules the country on the final arbitrament. It does not always appear in its strength; it is not readily roused to action; it is conservative and deliberate: it represents the solid judgement of the people. It was this class that decided, when the issue was once fairly presented, that the Union should be preserved — and the mere politicians had nothing to say about it. It is this class which will, sooner or later, decide whether the financial system of this country shall be arranged to make millionaires of a few men who are willing to "fry out fat" for the politicians, or whether it shall be made to meet the needs and requirements of the majority of the people. It is to this class that we appeal, leaving the "fat"-seeking office-mongers to their private squabbles.

To men of this class we say, in plain English: You are paying an unnecessary price for all the necessities of life, for no other reason than that it profits certain men who support and sustain certain of the legislators who are supposed to represent you at Washington. These men could earn a good living as well as you can, without government protection. With a protection that is accorded to them only, they make much more than a good living. By the grace of the government, a tax is levied upon the whole country for their special benefit — a tax that is to-day far in excess of any possible need of theirs. The day has long gone by when this tax was necessary to put them on an equality with the other manufacturers of the world. To-day its reduction to a reasonable figure will deprive them of nothing but unreasonable, extortionate and illegitimate profits; and will restore to you, the tax-payer, a sum that you can ill afford to pay and that they can well afford to lose.

In thus addressing the great class of which we speak, we do not forget that it is a class of all classes. It includes the doctor and the lawyer, the mechanic and the farmer, the day-laborer and the clerk, the merchant and the shop-keeper. Every one of these men is this day paying more than is necessary or right for the common things of life, by way of tribute to a favored class that makes no adequate return to the nation for the nation's protection. In the weeks to come we mean to show to the unprotected voters of this country exactly how great a burden the present tariff lays upon their shoulders; and we think they will find our showing more worthy of their consideration than the dissension in the Republican party over the relative importance of Messrs. James G. Blaine and Benjamin Harrison.



AN AWKWARD INTERRUPTION.
PUCK (to CONGRESSIONAL WIND-BAG).— Hold on there a moment, Mr. Spreadeagle, and cast your eye over these figures!

The True History of Captain Robert Kidd

Related by Himself and Posthumously Published, with Notes,

by
LEE BILGE, Esq., Formerly his Boatswain.

CHAPTER V.*

WITH this he gazed upon me benignantly.

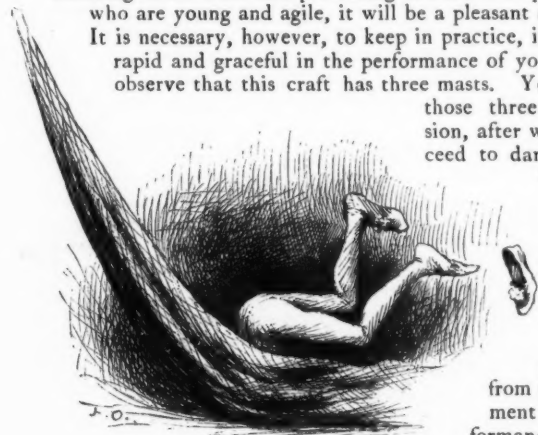
"I had thought," I ventured to observe, "that you were a pirate."

"It is possible," he replied, "that if you are not attentive to your new duties, you may again entertain the idea. Perhaps, however, you would like to know the nature of these duties?"

I signified assent.

"Take off your cap," he continued, calmly, "in speaking to a gentleman." And so saying he removed my cap, and with it, a large handful of my hair. When I had recovered my composure, he proceeded.

"We sail," he said, "for Borneo. I have a contract to distribute eleven thousand tracts among the Dyaks of that Island. The Dyaks are a peculiar race of people, who live in small but commodious houses built in the forks of high trees. My own inclination to corpulence forbids my climbing these trees and presenting the tracts in person, but to you, who are young and agile, it will be a pleasant and healthful task. It is necessary, however, to keep in practice, if you desire to be rapid and graceful in the performance of your functions. You observe that this craft has three masts. You may now climb those three masts in succession, after which you will proceed to dance a jig on yonder bowsprit, aided in your operations by Luna's pale but steady light. A stout seaman will accompany you with a serviceable cat-o'-nine-tails, and will from time to time comment upon your performances. Let the ceremonies begin!"



"Bringing me violently to the deck."

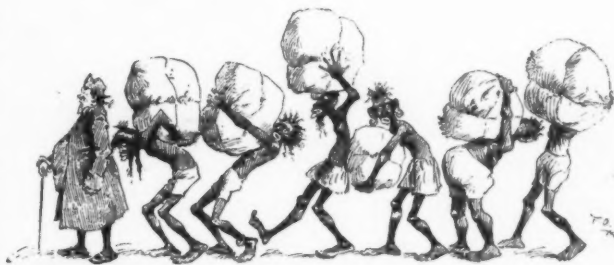
Not being accustomed to my new duties, it was two or three o'clock in the morning before the able-bodied seaman and I had completed the tour of the ship's rigging. When we returned to Mr. Kail, he must have perceived that the fatigue I exhibited was not assumed, for he considerably told me to go to my hammock.

"You will probably be seasick," he said, "as soon as we have crossed the bar; and the sensations you will experience will undoubtedly occupy your entire attention. When, however, you can trust yourself to begin your clerical labors, you will find several pairs of my boots which are much in need of varnishing, and in that agreeable exercise you may acquire an appetite for your breakfast."

I lost no time in seeking my hammock, in which I passed a somewhat restless and uneasy night, for, in the first place, I had never before slept in a hammock, and the pitching and tossing of the ship, as the night wore on, kept me in active motion between my bed and the deck. Besides this—for the nature of sea-faring men is sportive and humorous—my comrades from time to time cut me down, bringing me violently to the deck. Moreover, Mr. Kail's prediction proved true, and I had a fine fit of seasickness.

I will pass over the details of the voyage with the simple statement that the discipline of Mr. Kail, the seasickness and the pranksome sportiveness of my sea-faring comrades made me repeatedly wish for the simple joys of a pirate's life. And yet I may say that I sometimes felt that I had mistaken my vocation; for, as far as I could judge, I was destined always to be ill when I was a-sailing, which did not seem to me to be fitting to the character of a pirate.

It was of a bright Spring morning that we cast anchor in a bay on the southwest coast of Borneo, and, going ashore, I viewed for the first time the scene of my future labors.



Mr. Kail and the tamed natives.

I saw with pleasure that a large and comfortable bungalow, or summer-house, had been built, and was contemplating the view with pleasure when Mr. Kail tapped me on the shoulder.

"You observe," he said, "that large and attractive dog-kennel in the rear? That will be your apartment during your stay here. The dog, I regret to say, is dead."

Bright and early on the morrow, Mr. Kail appeared at the portal, or orifice, of my sleeping apartment. Six tamed natives followed him, bearing six enormous bundles.

"These," said Mr. Kail, "contain the eleven thousand tracts of which I spoke to you some time ago. It will be your duty to deliver each one of these tracts to an unregenerate Dyak. I will oversee your work, and will stimulate your flagging zeal, should it chance to flag. I have brought with me from the ship your old friend the cat-o'-nine-tails, and I look for enthusiasm and agility on your part. Washi-waka-ke-ko-ko," he continued, turning to one of his attendants, "have you my hammock?"

As we took up our march toward the forest, Mr. Kail discoursed pleasantly: "We have," he remarked: "eleven thousand tracts. With diligence and assiduity, you may deliver a dozen in a day. Counting six working-days to the week, with the seventh devoted to varnishing my shoes, you may deliver thirty-seven hundred and forty-four in the course of a year. Thus you will have delivered the entire invoice in a little less than three years; or to be more exact, in two years, three hundred and forty-two days and two-thirds. And when you consider the vast amount of good you may do by the dissemination of such valuable literature, you must feel that the three years will be well employed. And when our original stock is exhausted, I will send for a few thousand more tracts. Ah, even as we are conversing, I perceive a Dyak in his aerial habitation. Approach him, I pray, and induce him to receive this interesting document entitled 'The Tree-Dweller's Temptation, an Allegory for the Aerial.'"

The Dyak's house was in the fork of a tree that rose some forty feet without a branch. Urged by the encouraging words of Mr. Kail and the industry of a native armed with a pointed stick, I slowly and painfully ascended the smooth trunk. Occasionally turning my head backward as I ascended, I observed that Mr. Kail's hammock was slung between two trees, and that he was reposing in it, guarded by the natives, who were armed with blunderbusses.

Reaching the fork of the tree, I knocked on what would have been the ceiling of the Dyak's cellar, had he had a cellar. A hideous head immediately appeared, looking down at me from the floor above. For a moment I hesitated about disturbing the placid repose of a strange gentleman; but a native who had climbed up behind me roused my slumbering interest with a goad, and I promptly offered my tract to the Dyak, addressing him courteously:

"Sir," I said, "I have no wish to disturb your slumbers; but for the edification of your spiritual being I wish you to read this document, feeling sure that it will convince you that, in matters of higher morality, you are up a tree at the bottom of which lies the truth which you are undoubtedly seeking."

His response was couched in his native language, and, as far as I can transcribe it, ran thus:

"Goa bac ah."

Depositing the tract upon the floor of his verandah, I slid down the tree with as much rapidity as was compatible with the neighborhood of the native with the goad, which he still carried in a perpendicular position.

Arrived upon terra firma, I made my report to Mr. Kail, who lay at ease in his hammock, imbibing cooling drinks, prepared for him by the obsequious natives.

(To be continued.)

*This story was begun in No. 593.

Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

XXI.

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING IS conveniently located, being only the river's width from Ohio and twelve miles from the State penitentiary.

That part of the town not on the banks of the Ohio River is located in that stream. This section is called the Island (with a big I), and is inhabited by the people of the first water.

The Island is a very pleasant place to live, except in the Summer, when mosquitos are ripe; and in the Winter, when the weather is frightfully cold; and in the Spring, when the Ohio River is considerably elevated; and in the Autumn, when the water comes still higher.

The land on the Island is very prolific, twenty thousand cubic yards of flood being raised to the acre, with two crops every year.

Wheeling calls itself the Nail City. It is something of a beer town, too, as well as a nail city.

Beside its nails Wheeling is noted for its glass and its painful yearning for a competing line of railway. It will, however, B an' O-lder town — much older — before its yearning is satisfied.

The nail and glass factories of Wheeling give the town a brunette atmosphere.

It emulates Pittsburgh in the natural gas business, and in its dissatisfaction over the bills for the same.

The average Wheelinger is haunted by a gnawing fear that Pennsylvania covets the West Virginia "Panhandle," and that he will wake up some morning and find himself a Keystoner. The Wheelingeress, however, is not afraid of a Pennsylvania union, as the height of her ambition is to marry a Pittsburgher.

Wheeling is the only town extant which has been the capital of two states, and then lost both jobs.

Perhaps that is the reason that other capital keeps away from the place so unanimously.

Wheeling has been the capital of West Virginia twice, and the acting capital of old Virginia once. This was when Jeff. Davis held a first mortgage on the regular capital. It lost the situation when Governor Pierpont loaded his Legislature on the cars and moved it to Richmond.

The inhabitants of Wheeling spend their money lavishly. After a

season when nails have sold high, the capitalist will frequently take his family on a Sunday excursion to Pittsburgh, or even go to the extent of indulging in a river trip to Cincinnati.

The native is conservative in his amusements. A few months ago a visitor invited a nail man to go with him to see "Coriolanus," but the latter refused. He said he did n't care anything about them new-fangled comic operas. He'd rather see something old and reliable, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Still there are signs of progress in Wheeling. An intelligent resident told me, not long ago, that the days of the paper collar there are numbered.

The city has a base-ball club which occasionally defeats an outfit of rural Buckeyes. When this happens, the town becomes delirious with joy, the papers revel in scare-heads, and a general disposition to apply for membership in the League agitates every breast.

In the Winter, such of the inhabitants as move in the upper circles play progressive euchre, while those not financially interested in the nail mills adhere to the anti-progressive variety.

Some of Wheeling's literary people tried to organize a Chautauqua circle last December; but as no one could spell the name, it was found impossible to send out the necessary invitations, and the matter was dropped.

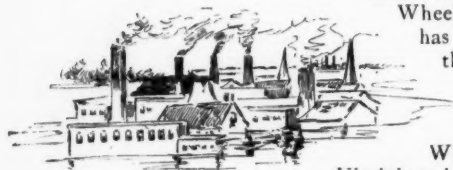
A visitor to the city is always asked to take a ride on the electric motor, and is expected to pay his own fare. There is also a street-car line, on which it is possible to ride from one end of the town to the other in three hours, if the driver is in a hurry.

The Wheeling belle is a shy, artless creature, with great black eyes and a six-penny nail smile.

Wheeling has never produced any great men, but bases its claim to national recognition on the fact that it is the native lair of the puissant stogy.

At the census of 1880, Wheeling had 30,700 souls and seven journalists; but four families from Bridgeport, Ohio, have moved into town since then.

Wm. H. Siviter.



A NARROW ESCAPE.



YOUNG LADY.—Could I borrow your field glass for a moment, sir? Mama wants to see the name of that steamer!

MR. SELVAGE CASH (of *Fiargain, Counter & Co.'s*).—Er—I should be only too—er—happy; but—you see, I lost it—er—that is, it's out of ord—I mean, I dropped it getting off the train, and smashed it all to pieces!



FIVE MINUTES LATER.

MR. SELVAGE CASH (taking three boiled eggs and a sandwich out of the empty case).—Gracious, that almost took my appetite away! I guess I'll buy my lunch here, next time I come down!



THE CANDIDATE AT HOME.

"YES, MY DEAR," remarked the candidate to his wife, as with a weary sigh he removed the wrappers from a large yellow silk pin-cushion with his initials on it, and sent the girl down stairs with \$4.82 for the expressman; "yes, I fully appreciate the honor that some of the people of this great and effervescent republic have done me in nominating me for so high an office; but I could wish that they would be somewhat less impetuous, as it were, in their method of expressing their esteem and admiration."

He here stopped to replace the cover on the box containing the twenty-year-old rattlesnake that had been sent him by a constituent in Wyoming, an act which he performed just in time to prevent the playful reptile from meandering out and making a light lunch of the baby. This done, he resumed, sadly:

"It must, of course, be highly gratifying to any properly constructed candidate to have an enthusiastic people pouring a perfect avalanche, if I may be permitted the expression, of canes, cigar-cases, underwear, beasts of assorted sizes and colors, and other useful articles upon him; he can not but feel proud to think that his house is the objective point of every express wagon in town, and that people all over this great and glorious land are sitting up nights and neglecting their business to make rare and curious articles of *vertu* for him. But in time even this become monotonous, and —"

Here the girl came in to say that another consignment of yellow dogs had arrived, and that the expressman wanted eight dollars more. With a sigh the candidate produced the money, and ordered that the dogs be put down cellar and made as comfortable as possible.

"I do not mind dogs so much," he remarked, "but snakes and prairie wolves seem to me in bad taste, and I earnestly deprecate —"

"There's a man downstairs," interrupted the girl, re-entering the room, and falling over the twenty-pound brindle cat, which a lady in Michigan had sent with her regards and an express bill for twelve dollars, "and he says that he has just named his two-hours' old baby after you, and thought he would come 'round and let you know, so that you would not feel anxious about it."

"This is getting played out," howled the candidate: "I've got no more money to invest in that way, and that settles it. Give him a spoon out of the holder, with my regards, and tell him I'll call 'round and kiss the baby as soon as I get time."

"Say!" remarked his wife with animation: "this paper says that a man named Wellington Hanks, in Keokuk, is making a hair-brush for you to be composed of 11,967 distinct pieces of wood."

"Great guns!" exclaimed the candidate: "Who said I wanted a hair-brush? The idea of sending a hair-brush to a man without a hair on his head! I won't have it! I —"

Just then the girl entered, and said that a mule of rare beauty had arrived from Arizona, and was waiting his orders and sixteen dollars.

"Slaughter the beast," cried the candidate wildly, "and tell the expressman to go to! Am I to have no time to think about the tariff and things, and no money to buy food with? I can't even get a chance to write my Inaugural Address; and the first thing you know it'll be the fourth of March, and I'll have to stand up there before a perspiring multitude and speak a piece out of the Amateur Orator. I won't —"

He was interrupted by the entrance of a boy with an express package, upon which were inscribed the words "All Charges Prepaid." As his eyes fell upon the inscription, he uttered a wild shriek and fell to the floor unconscious. For a few moments his woes were forgotten.

F. A. Stearns.

IT TAKES nine tailors to make a man; but one tailor can turn out nine dudes without exhausting himself.



THE VALUE OF ATHLETICS.

UNCLE PELEG (of Squawhawket, visiting his nephew Tom in the city). — Joined an Athletic Club, hev ye? Wa-a-al, that's good. I can't say much for your arms and chest; but that's a mighty powerful pair o' legs ye stand on — twicet as big as when ye left home!

ROMANCE

Oh, sing a song of life and love!
Of summer breezes blowing —
The sea below and the sky
above —
And a yacht so lightly going
'Mid Southern climes of golden
fruits!
Of star-eyed Creole maids
And dances tripped to silvery lutes,
And midnight serenades!

AND

REALITY.

Oh, sing a song of life and work,
Of never a breeze that's blowing!
The romantic thoughts of a dry-goods
clerk
Home on the horse-cars going,
'Mid torrid heat to suffocation
That makes me pant and sweat,
As I take my vacation in
imagination —
'T is the only one I'll get!
Roy L. McCardell.

AS SOON as you begin to congratulate yourself on having found a summer hotel that will not countenance a band, a banjo-playing guest arrives.

NO, MY SON, a white horse-chestnut will not keep away rheumatism, but it helps to cure insomnia.

AROUND NEW YORK — Water.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE is the price of liberty. Mosquitos come somewhat higher.

SOLD ON A MARGIN — The Edition de Luxe.

"ERE COMES a benevolent-lookin' old cove," said a peripatetic gentleman of leisure to his chum, on the street corner; "let's tackle him for the price of a night's lodgin'."

"Don't yer think of it, Bill," hastily responded the other, seizing his arm. "Let's wait for somebody that's half full. Them benevolent-lookin' ducks allus wants to organize themselves into a Society, elect a Board o' Directors, an' hire a hall afore they give ye a quarter. I don't wantar stay up all Summer!"



SHE KNEW HIS WHISKERS.

MRS. O'HONE. — Be aisy, Moichael, or ye'll dhrive me into convulsions wid dthe ticklin'!

A TIMELY RHYME

I.
SHE COULD NOT RETURN NOR SERVE,
But her ankle had a curve
That was divine.
She could run and bend with grace,
And she'd such a flower-face,
I wished her mine.

II.
In a dress of black and red,
With a Tam O'Shanter head,
And sweet lips smiling;
All around her dainty waist
A broad silver belt was placed
For man's beguiling.

IV.
Like a nymph of old she'd stand,
In her white and dimpled hand
An English racket.
But she could n't ever get
The sky-ball across the net,
Much as she'd whack it.

III.
Her new canvas shoes of black
Looked so trim and small — alack!
I must confess
They put all my nerves to rout,
As they twinkled in and out
From 'neath her dress.

V.
Then her black-fringed, violet eyes
Would seek mine in sweet surprise;
Was I to blame
That the balls rolled here and there,
Or I idly beat the air
In that love game? M. M.



A PAINFUL STORY.

A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST, who derived a handsome income by insisting that the pains and aches of other people did not exist, was once attacked by a Jumping Toothache.

The unwelcome guest nestled down into a large molar in the lower jaw of the doctor, and proceeded to make itself at home by none too gently titillating the inferior dental nerve. Notwithstanding the fact that he had been telling his patients all the morning that their sufferings were imaginary, he was compelled to recognize this pain, and proceeded to give himself a two-dollar treatment, thus:

"Pain is evil; evil does not exist; ergo, pain does not exist, and hence there can be no pain in my teeth."

At this logical demonstration the Jumping Toothache smiled a smile of superior wisdom, and gave the dental pulp a bang so powerful that the Christian scientist was unable to restrain a mournful howl; but he heroically proceeded.

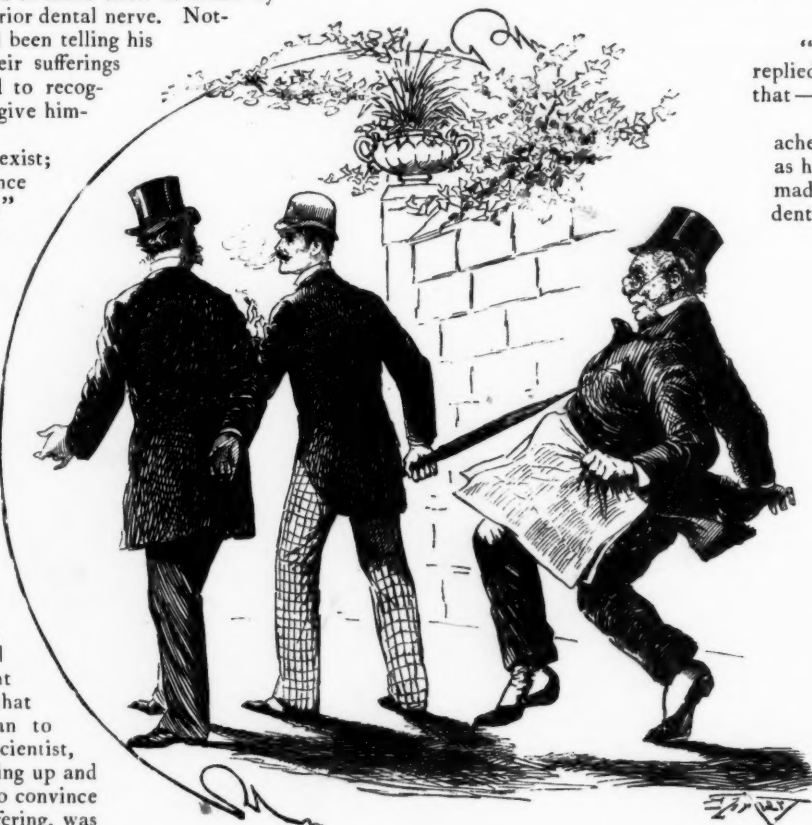
"The pain I seem to feel in my tooth is not real; it is merely an evil thought. I will cease to think this thought, and the discomfort will cease."

On hearing this, the Jumping Toothache rolled up its sleeves and went to work in earnest. It jumped with both feet upon the quivering nerve ends, and stamped, kicked, squeezed and tugged at them the whole night through, with so savage vigor that when the blear-eyed dawn began to brighten in the east, the Christian scientist, who had spent the night in walking up and down, and moaning, and trying to convince himself of the unreality of his suffering, was in a thoroughly knocked-out condition.

Suddenly, after an unusually atrocious twinge, he hastily seized his hat and coat.

"Where are you going?" inquired his wife, who was also a metaphysical healer.

"I'm going to have this d—d tooth pulled out," said he shortly.



"Pain has no real existence," replied his wife calmly: "you know that—"

"You have n't got this toothache!" cried the Christian scientist, as he slammed the front door and made a bee-line for the nearest dentist.

J. B. S. King.

HE IS INDEED a long-headed philosopher who, when the mercury is at ninety in August, is tempted to lay in a winter's supply of coal at summer prices.

THERE ARE two kinds of window curtains,—the self-rolling kind that won't stay down, and the kind raised with a string, that won't stay up.

HENS RUSHING after the man equipped with a measure of corn are not a circumstance to the women of a White Mountain boarding-house chasing after the proprietor as he enters the grounds with the mail-bag.

A GOOD MOTTO for the Chatham Street dealer would be: "If at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again."

A JUST REBUKE.

HOWELL GIBBON.—Haw, Carper, I see there's quite a controversy going on as to what weally constitutes a gentleman. As if one could n't tell at a glance!

BARKER CARPER.—Yes, I know one infallible sign.

HOWELL GIBBON.—Haw! What, pray?

BARKER CARPER.—The way a man does n't carry his umbrella.



SI HENN'S SCHEME.

"TALKING ABOUT horses," remarked the pilot, "reminds me of old 'Si Henn.'"

"What did he ever do in the horse line?" inquired a by-stander.

"Si was a queer fellow," replied the pilot, "even before he got into the lunatic asylum. He would make a lot of money out of one thing, and turn right around and lose it in another."

"What has that got to do with horses?" asked the by-stander.

"I will tell you," said the pilot. "Si was always trying some novelty — something that had never been heard of before, that he might have no competition. While he was making money out of one thing, he was always conceiving a plan for using it to make a fortune out of something else. The summer he ran his hotel, which he called the Henn House, he conceived the idea of going into the horse business; and when the Fall arrived and the season was over, he took the profits and bought five horses. No one thought this so very wild, because he had previously undertaken such absurd schemes. He once tried to grow fans on a palm, and on another occasion endeavored to raise wool in the ground and cotton on a sheep. So when Si bought the five horses, no one thought much about it."

"What did he do with the horses?" asked the man whom the pilot was addressing.

"He commenced to train them," said the pilot. "He would get up early in the morning and drive each one about five miles at top speed. He did nothing but drive, and the way he shouted as he flew along the highway was a caution. He was training the horses to act just opposite to his instructions. Whenever he shouted 'Get up!' the horse would come to such a sudden stop that it would take off his hat; and when he shouted 'Whoa!' the horse would start to break the trotting record. It was awful funny, though, to see the satisfaction that bloomed on old Si's face, when he found that his horses were broken to his method."

"It is no wonder he is in the lunatic asylum now," replied the other; "he must have been stricken with madness, when he was putting his horses through such a strange course of training."

"He was," continued the pilot: "he was mad — as mad as a hatter with March hare attachment; but there was method in his madness."

"What was it?"

"Simply this," replied the pilot: "he intended to race his horses, and whenever the contestants were nose-and-nose, and he could n't shake the other off, his idea was to shout: 'Whoa! whoa!! whoa!!!'"

"What for?" asked the other.

"What for?" repeated the pilot: "What for? Why, to make the other horse come to a standstill, and enable his nag to win as he pleased."

R. K. M.

SHE SAT like a nymph on the white seashore,
And was charmed by the melody of its roar;
Her bathing suit was so lovely and neat
That she sat there for hours — ne'er wetting her feet.

HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.



Concert begins at eight, eh?
Wagnerian selections, eh? Wal,
I'll jest set here an' read the paper
till Mr. Orchestrion comes along
with his Dutch band. Seems ter
me he's kinder late comin' —



Mr. Orchestrion "arrives."

A SUGGESTION.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1, 1888.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK — Sir:

I wish to call your attention to an imposition that has been attempted on the free and enlightened people of our great republic. By observation and by information I have received, I am convinced that a trust has been formed to control the entire use, and benefits derived therefrom, of the American flag. This belief is confirmed by the fact that buttons, flags, etc., are on the market with the trademark "Harrison" inscribed across the face of the Stars and Stripes; which mark, I think, is the figurehead of the above syndicate. Now I propose that in order to break up this usurpation of the Stars and Stripes, and the benefits derived from it, that the well-known and fair-dealing firm of Cleveland, Thurman & Co., should place on the market the same goods, with their name plainly inscribed thereon.

Yours in earnest,
G. H.

WHERE IS THE MOTHER-IN-LAW?



This is a composite portrait of Mr. Washington Pye's daughter and his mother-in-law.

CONGRESSMAN ROGERS, of Arkansas, was the only member of Congress who stood opposed to fixing a date for the consideration of the International Copyright Bill. It is understood that Mr. Rogers thinks that this bill has something to do with the regulation of copper mines, and that he spells it "copper-right bill." Mr. Rogers is to be congratulated upon selecting Arkansas for his birthplace.

A PARTY of Philadelphia scientists is on its way to restore the site of Babylon. It will also probably remove the Cataract of the Ganges.

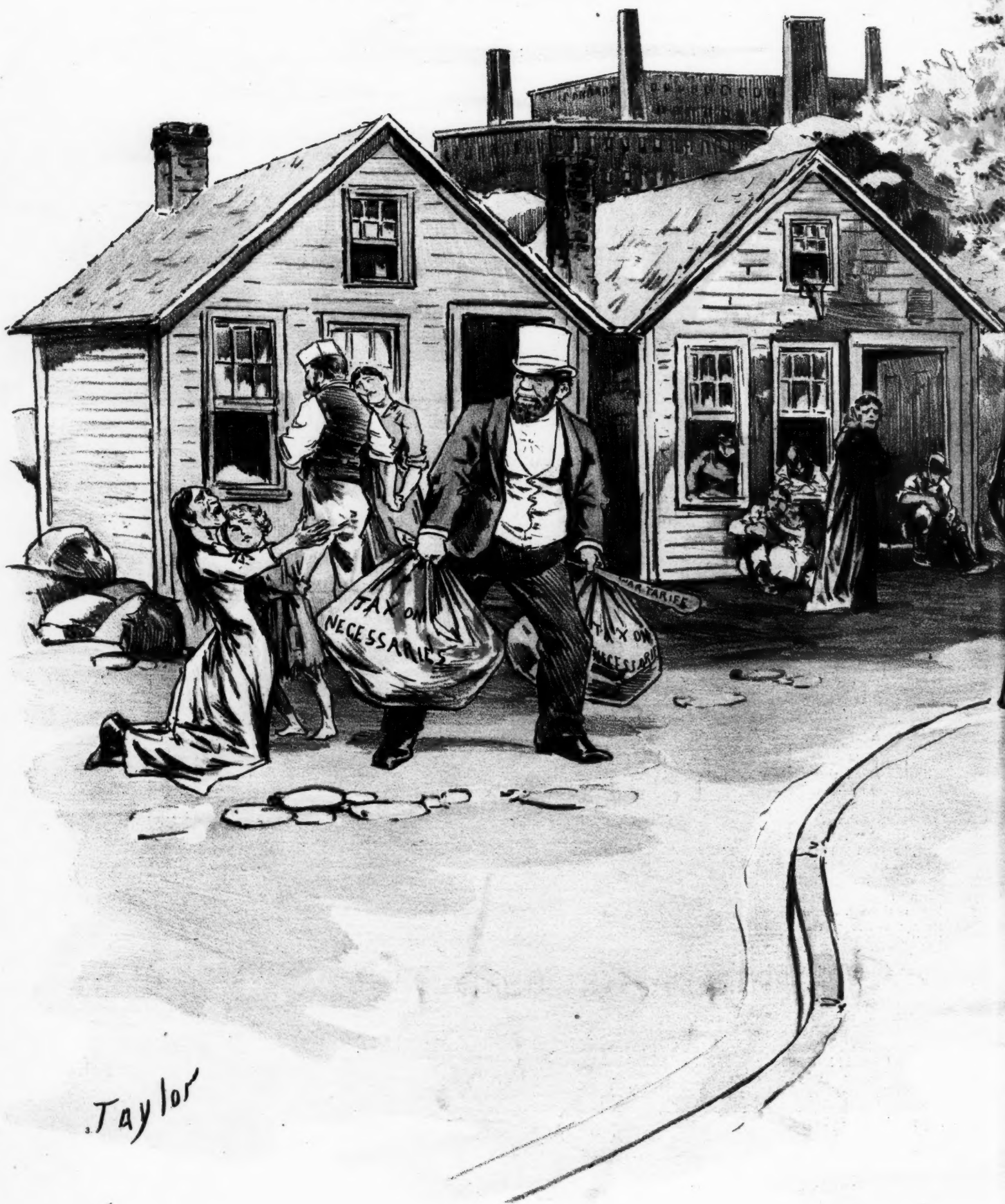
A BABE IN the house is a well spring of pleasure; but twins — twins are a deluge.

GEN. HARRISON repeats the ancient absurdity that "the tariff should be revised by its friends and not by its enemies." This idea is based on the old common law aphorism that "a murderer should be hanged by his friends and not by his enemies." It is a recognition of this principle that makes people hunt foxes with tame foxes, instead of using hounds for that purpose.

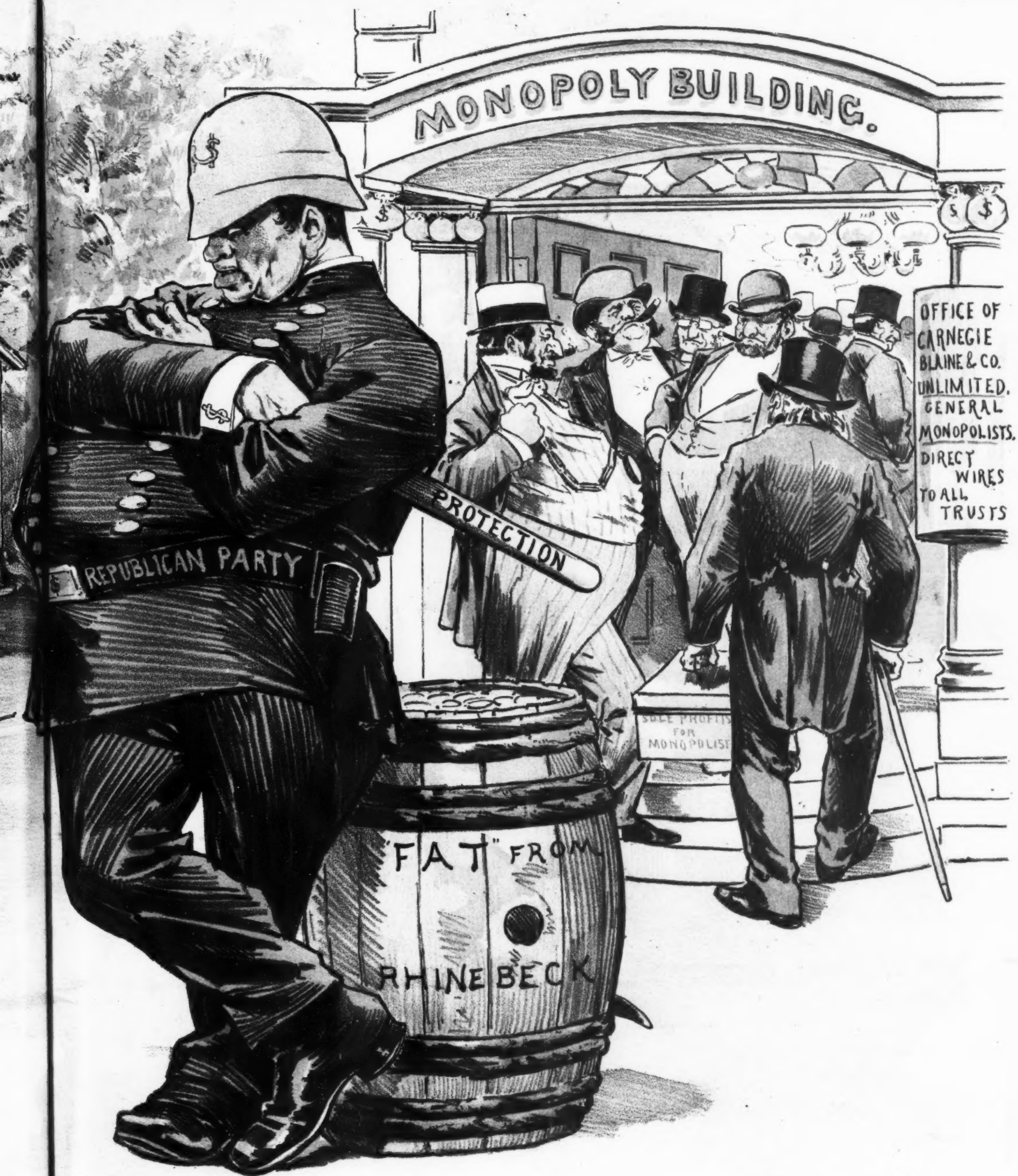
ALL THE world's a stage, and most of the men and women on it merely supers.

IN NO GREAT HURRY — Philadelphia.

THE REPUBLICAN MANAGERS should have a care lest Candidate Harrison's ancestral blood rebel. The position of fly on the Blaine coach wheel may not altogether please the grandson of his grandfather.



PROTECTION FOR C
The Protective Policeman Won't see the berry



ON FOR CAPITAL ONLY.
t see the berry Over the Way — it's Off His Beat.



AN AUGUST EVENING ON THE FRONT STOOP.

"ISN'T IT WARM?"

"Is n't it dreadful?"

"Oh, don't come out in that horrid wrapper, Lou!"

"Well, I'm not going to get into a dress such a night as *this*, thank you!"

"Do sit back, then. Some one may call."

"Who cares? Harry! Harry, tell Bridget to bring some fans. There is a lot in my room by the lounge. How *did* you ever get along down town, George?"

"Gracious!"

"Well, I just lay on the lounge all day, and drank ice-water. Actually, I could not move around. Oh, are you going to smoke? Harry, tell Bridget to bring Papa some matches. Blow the smoke this way—the mosquitos are buzzing 'round me so."

"Have one, Tom?"

"I've got cigarettes here, thanks. Whew! *it is warm!*"

"Is n't it? And the idea of having to eat a warm dinner such a day!"

"Almost as bad as having to cook it."

"My! who's that? Oh, the Russells, I declare! (There, Lou; now, you see!) Good evening! Did you really have courage—such weather?"

"Hello, Ed! Hello, Tom! Hello, George!"

"Good evening. How do you do? Trying to get a breath of air?"

"Harry, tell Bridget to bring some more chairs."

"Oh, never mind! I like the step. May I share your door-mat, Miss Louise?"

"But please don't look at me. I'm such a fright."

"That so? Frights are very nice to look at, then."

"Well, how *did* you get along to-day? Yes, was n't it? Most awful."

"A scorcher, sure enough."

"Harry, tell Bridget to make some more lemonade."

"Have this fan?"

"Have a cigar?"

"Have a cigarette?"

"I don't think I slept an hour last night. Jack and Helen went down the bay."

"It was *awful*."

"You slept?"

"Not much."

"May be you did n't. People don't know when they're asleep. They only know when they're awake, and they like to make other people know it."

"I did n't. I was *very* quiet."

"I heard it strike two just before you opened the shutters that time."

"Two? it was half-past four."

"Dear me, I *did* hope for a shower this afternoon! I *do* hope it may rain to-night. Really, to-day I suffered. I never felt the heat so intense."

"Heat? don't talk about it!" (But they do talk about it, and they talk about nothing else, till 11 P. M. And the next evening they begin over the same subject.)

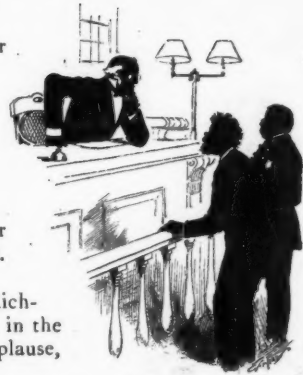
Madeline S. Bridges.

THE LADIES are more modest about their intellectual than their physical attractions. However low the corsage may be, the forehead is usually concealed by a bang.

TAKING THE SAFE SIDE.

JUDGE.—Prisoner, if you were sober when arrested, why did n't you remonstrate with the officer?

PRISONER.—Please, your Honor, I had n't enough money with me to pay a fine and a surgeon's bill, too.



FOR HARMONY's sake the bob-tail car should be drawn by a docked horse.

THERE IS TO BE a grand revival of "Richard III." next Fall. The G. O. P., in the title rôle, will, amidst thunders of applause, rush around frantically, crying:

"A hearse! A hearse! My bar'l for a hearse!"

WHEN you forget to fee the waiter at the country hotel, look out for wings and necks in your chicken fricassee.

HOFFMAN HOWES, who buys all his clothes abroad, has come out strongly for the high-tariff party. "Because," he says, "wot's the use of wearing impawted goods, if they're going to be so cheap that every beastly cad can have 'em?"

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S E. C.'S—The *Newark Sunday Call*—at the Saloon Side-door.

THE DAYS of December are shorter than those of August; but you can never make a school-boy believe or feel it.

THE ÆSTHETIC young woman in the bracing atmosphere of the mountains forgets all about Owen Meredith, when she reaches the tail-end of her dinner, and winds up with ice-cream, two kinds of pie, and a piece of cake.

OR HIS FOOT.

A LITTLE HEAD has the dudy youth,
With not an ounce of brain in it;
You never see him open his mouth
But what he puts his cane in it.



MISTAKEN MOTIVES.

PULLMAN PORTER.—You will please give me your ticket before retiring, sir.

FARMER OATCAKE (returning from New York; his first trip on a sleeper).—Give ye my ticket afore retirin', eh? Not much, sir! I've heerd enough about you fellers. Here, ye can have what money I have left, but I'm hanged if I'll give up my only means of gittin' home!

PUCK'S INFANT INDUSTRIES.

XVII.



THE MAYFAIR INVITATION CO. (Limited),
having superior advantages for obtaining blank
Cards of Invitation to Select Entertainments,
WILLIAM JEFFERSON JACKSON, 3D,
will be glad to furnish said invitations to those who
have hitherto failed to get the *entrée* into

NEW YORK SOCIETY.

Subscription, (including all leading balls, recep-
tions, etc., etc.,) \$250 per season (six months);
\$150 for three months; \$100 for one month.

THE MAYFAIR INVITATION CO. (Limited),
St. Nicholas Avenue, N. Y. City.

XVIII.

Cards of Society Leaders, in quantities to suit, furnished regularly.
The advantages of my system are obvious at a glance. Fill your card-
receiver with good names. Terms easy. The subjoined sample list should
be inspected.

Mr. McGalluster's card\$.50
Duke of Snarlboro's " 2.50
Mr. Vandergilt's " 1.00
Mrs. Hicks-Bored's " \$1.00 per doz.

Send Ten Cents for Priced Catalogue.

DE PEYSTER ROBINSON, Washington Club.

XIX.

*The Social Magazine!**The Social Magazine!!!**The Social Magazine!!!*

The Social Magazine will put its initial number before the public
in September. It is destined to fill a long-filled social want in common,
as its pages are always open to contributions from members of our most
select circles, ambitious for literary success. No contributions will be
accepted unless accompanied by a guarantee that the author's social stand-
ing is of the very highest. Our charges will be moderate. Novelettes
of not more than one hundred and fifty pages will be printed for \$200,
which barely covers the cost of printing. Shorter articles published at
column rates. Commutation allowing ladies to contribute fifty pages of
poetry in the course of one year, \$75. Many other advantages. Corre-
spondence invited.

The Social Magazine Publishing Co.,
Park Row, N. Y. City.

XX.

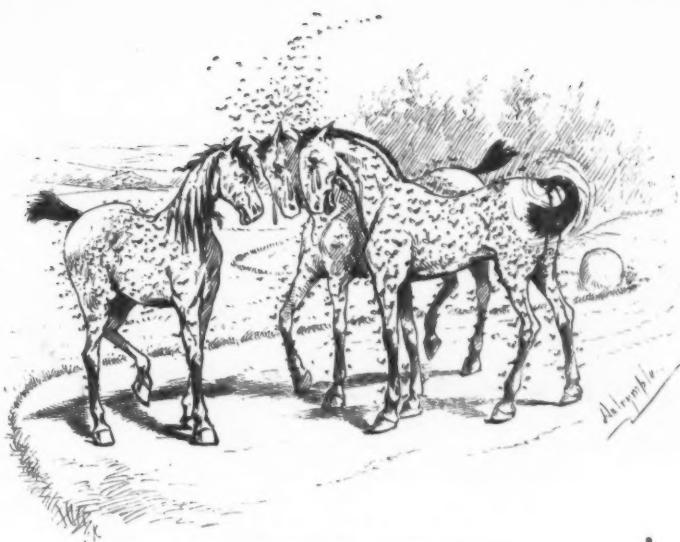
To Let.

Having purchased a large number of the French Crown Jewels, I
shall be pleased to rent the same for evening wear. Hotel Clerk Dia-
monds specially to rent for the summer season. Forefinger rings for



A PRACTICAL GARDENER.

"Why, Pat, what are you doing there?"
"Sure 'n I'm brushin' the paze, as you tould me,
sor-r-r-r! But they're that siled wid lyin' in the dir-r-r-r
that I'd be ricommindin' ye t' be putting up shicks for
'em to grow on, sor-r-r-r!"



THE BOBTAIL NUISANCE.

DEXTER NAGS (to FELLOW SUFFERERS).—Let us hope
that in finding a remedy for the bobtail car the bobtail
horse will not be forgotten!

Long Branch wear, in large quantities. Koh-i-noor Diamonds, for Sara-
toga, particularly recommended. Paste Diamonds, for Actresses, to be
stolen without loss to owner, for sale cheap.

MOSES MINZESHEIMER, Chatham Square.

XXI.

Scandals Circulated.—MRS. HARRIS, Box 42, Crimes Office.

XXII.

A recently discharged valet of the Duke of Snarlboro will be pleased
to mistake American gentleman for English nobles for a moderate fee.

Address CHOLMONDELY POWCHER,
Valets' Consolidated Union, Madison Square, N. Y.

XXIII.

A recent graduate of Yale, in reduced circumstances, will sell his
diploma for cash. Examinations passed at all colleges for sub-Freshmen.

Send to BERKLEY HAMILTON,
New Haven, Conn.

XXIV.

Notice To My Patrons.

The Hair-Dressing Business of the undersigned, having reached
gigantic proportions, I have rented a *salon* at Number 199 Fifth Avenue,
where ladies may call, or send their hair by special messenger to be
dressed.

Mme. Annette Sykes.

XXV.

A Bargain! A Bargain!! A Bargain!!!

A Society lady, having lost her husband on the eve of a gay social
season, wishes to dispose of her wardrobe.

15 Worth dresses, 5 Bluefern riding habits, 4 tailor-made walking
suits, 19 Parisian bonnets, latest styles; 42 dozen pairs Mousquetaire
gloves, lingerie, jewels, laces, etc., etc.,

To Be Sacrificed.

Also, one Court dress, designed by Worth and made by Bluefern,
with trimming after special designs by Alma Tadema; worn once; \$650.

Sale Direct. No Agents.

Mrs. Higginson - Wintergreen,
"The Barclay," Fifth Avenue.

XXVI.

Save Your Strength.

Realizing how difficult it is for ladies to fulfill social obligations,
I have recently started my Bureau of Social Exchange, by patronizing
which their difficulties may be largely obviated. Having a large acquaint-
ance among the ladies and gentlemen who form what Thackeray called
the "Life Below Stairs," I have special opportunities for knowing when
ladies are out, and hold myself in readiness to call upon them at such
times and leave cards of my patrons, who are thus relieved of the ardu-
ous necessity of paying social devoirs. Letters of condolence in singu-
larly apt and beautiful terms, will be written by my bureau for those to
whom correspondence is a bane; and those who contemplate summering
abroad would do well to communicate with me before going, for the pur-
pose of having a series of letters appropriate to their contemplated tour
written up for them and ready to be dropped in the mail immediately
upon arrival at the towns whose peculiarities and beauties they describe.

No trouble to show goods. Give us a call.

Browne's Social Exchange, Bowling Green.

A TRUE STORY.

The American workingman returns at night from his toil clad in a woolen suit taxed 55 per cent., stockings and undershirt taxed 75 per cent., a cotton shirt taxed 44 per cent., a woolen hat taxed 75 per cent., and per chance a pair of gloves in winter taxed 40 per cent.

He carries in his hand his tin dinner pail taxed 45 per cent., and greets his wife with a cheery smile as she looks at him through a window pane taxed 60 per cent., from which she has drawn aside the curtains taxed 40 per cent.

After scraping his boots on a scraper taxed 45 per cent., he wipes them on a mat of bagging taxed 10 per cent.; he lifts the door-latch taxed 43 per cent., steps in on a carpet taxed 68 per cent., and gives a kiss to his wife in a woolen dress taxed 70 per cent. She has a needle taxed 25 per cent. in her hand, with which she has been mending with thread taxed 40 per cent. an alpaca umbrella taxed 50 per cent.

It is a small brick house which they have bought with their hard earnings of a building association. The bricks were taxed 20 per cent., the lumber taxed 16 per cent., and the paint 54 per cent. The wall paper taxed 45 per cent., makes the room brighter, with its plain furniture taxed 35 per cent. He hangs his pail on a steel pin taxed 45 per cent., and proceeds to get ready for his supper. He washes his hands with castle soap taxed 20 per cent., in a tin basin taxed 45 per cent., and wipes them on a cotton towel taxed 45 per cent. He then goes to the looking glass taxed 45 per cent., and fixes his hair with a brush and comb taxed 30 per cent.

He is now ready for his supper, which his wife has cooked on a stove taxed 45 per cent., with pots and kettles taxed 53 per cent. The table is spread with the commonest crockery, taxed 56 per cent., and he drinks his water out of a cheap glass tumbler taxed 45 per cent. The little sugar that he puts in his tea is taxed 80 per



Oh, come, fair Columbia, and turn from the crowd
Of political combatants, clamoring loud;
Oh, leave them to bicker and quarrel and jar,
Like the flats and the sharps that they frequently are.

And turn to the instrument perfect, complete.
That beats Time himself, and can never be beat:
For the SOMMER PIANO, as certain as fate,
Is "the ticket" to win, for the year '88.

Copyright by SOMMER & Co., 1888. From "The Midsummer Puck," 1888.

One or two teaspoonfuls FRED. BROWN'S GINGER

with a gill of hot water,
sweetened to taste, and
swallowed at bed-time,
will insure against sudden
chills and other accidents
of disease.

**Darlington,
Runk & Co.**

FANCY FLANNELS

for Seaside, Lawn Tennis and Mountain Costumes.

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English, Scotch and French Traveling Shawls

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Philadelphia**

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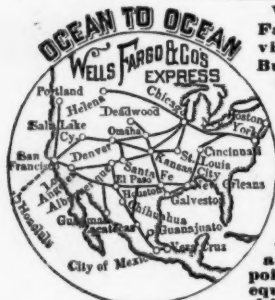
**CLUETT'S
CROWN
COLLARS
AND
Monarch
SHIRTS
ARE THE BEST.**

Mrs. Troy, N. Y.

HELPS for the DEAF



PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS RESTORE THE HEARING whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, risings, concussions or injuries to the natural drums. Often successful in cases pronounced incurable. Invisible, comfortable, always in position. Music, conversation, even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Write to F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., New York, for illustrated book of proofs FREE. Mention this paper.



**Wells, Fargo & Co.'s
Fast Express Trains**
via the Erie, Atchison,
Burlington, No. west'n,
Cent. & So. Pacific R.
R. Systems, are running
daily between
New York, Chicago,
St. Louis, San Francisco,
the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts,
City of Mexico, Vera
Cruz, Victoria, B. C.,
and intermediate
points, and offer unequalled facilities to
shippers.

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands Bright clear complexion Soft healthful skin.

cent., and he stirs it with a spoon taxed 45 per cent. His meal is a frugal one, because hard times have cut his wages down, and he is saving every cent to pay the next instalment due on his house.

With an appetite worthy of an ampler meal, he takes up his knife and fork taxed 45 per cent., and begins to eat a piece of salt fish taxed 25 per cent. He pours on a vinegar taxed 36 per cent. Upon his boiled potatoes taxed 40 per cent., he sprinkles salt taxed 80 per cent., and eats a small pickle taxed 35 per cent. He ends his meal with a pudding of rice taxed 112 per cent., and an orange taxed 20 per cent.

After supper he smokes a pipe and enjoys the happiness of his wife, who has this day bought a woolen shawl taxed 65 per cent., a black silk dress taxed 50 per cent., and a pair of scissors taxed 45 per cent.—*Abilene Gazette.*

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

All genuine CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGARS have a band bearing his name, as in above cut. This is the finest three-for-a-quarter cigar manufactured in the world. For the past six years it has been sold by the leading jobbers in the United States, and has steadily increased in popularity and volume, and to-day it stands without a rival. For sale by all first-class Retailers and by the following well-known Jobbers:

Howard W. Spurr & Co., Boston.	Sprague, Warner & Co., Chicago.
Ross W. Weir & Co., New York.	The Western News Co., Chicago.
Henry Straus, Cincinnati.	Fred. J. Kiesel & Co., Ogden.
Jas. H. Brookmire & Co., St. Louis.	Idelman Bros., Cheyenne.
McCord, Brady & Co., Omaha.	Harrison, Farrington & Co.,
J. S. Brown & Bro., Denver.	Minneapolis.
Geo. Wright & Bro., Milwaukee.	T. C. Power & Bro., Fort Benton.
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Montgomery.	B. Kahn, Santa Fe.

GOOD FUN LASTS FOREVER.



30 Cts.

By Mail, 35 Cts.

IN BOARD COVER, 50 CENTS.



**THE
BRADLEY HANDY WAGON**

The Best on Wheels. Light, strong, convenient and low priced. Handy to get into and out of. Handy for single horse or pair. Handy for one person or more. Handy to load or unload. Send for Free Circular. How to purchase direct from the manufacturer.

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100 N. Market St., Boston.

Fraudulent Imitations.

Those who can not originate, imitate, and all so-called Porous Plasters are only fraudulent imitations of **ALLCOCK'S**. If you want the genuine article, be certain not only to ask for

"ALLCOCK'S,"

but look well at the Plaster and see that this



is on every one. None are genuine without it.

"STAR" FOUNTAIN GOLD PEN.

Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality Gold Pen. Style, \$1; Fountain, \$1.50 and up. J. ULRICH & CO., 106 Liberty St., N. Y.

"BEAUTY IS BUT SKIN DEEP."

Size, 3 x 5 in.

Size, 3 x 5 in.

MAY 22, 1883.
"The rubber brushes I bought of you have proved more than satisfactory, and in their line are certainly a long stride forward. By the use of them one's hands can be more quickly and thoroughly cleansed than with the bristle brushes, while, in addition, they leave the skin more pliant, less liable to chaps, and reduce to a minimum the chances of incurring 'hangnails' and fissured or cracked finger tips."

"The Bath and Flesh Brushes increase very greatly the pleasure of bathing, and in the application of 'massage' I can promote cutaneous circulation as efficiently with them as with the bristle brush or hair glove, without that discomfort to the patient which the latter so frequently occasion." Very truly yours,
R. W. WALMSLEY, M. D., Canandaigua, N. Y.

Bailey's Bath and Flesh Brushes, \$1 50
Bailey's Toilet Brushes, 25 cents.
Bailey's Hand Brushes, 50 cents.

Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price. C. J. BAILEY & CO., Manufacturers, 132 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

SUCH HAS BEEN THE RECENT PROGRESS IN OUR branch of industry that we are now able to affirm that the James Means \$4 Shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at \$8 or \$10. If you will try on a pair you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate.



Ours are the original \$1 and \$4 shoes, and those who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products. In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States. Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will invest 1 cent in a postal card and write to us.

JAMES MEANS & CO.,
41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

THE ONLY NOVELTY.

"Is there anything new under the sun?" asked Rollo, as he closed his book.

"Yes," said his Uncle George: "revenue."

"It would be to some people," said Rollo's mother, with quiet but womanly severity.

And Rollo's Uncle George softly whistled a fragment of two or three tunes, and went out to see if the next frost had killed any of the July roses.—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

A FRENCH officer has invented a microphone which will record and announce the approach of a body of soldiers and give some idea as to their numbers. He should provide it with an indicator that will point out the nearest and safest tree to get behind just before the soldiers put in an appearance.—*Norristown Herald.*

We are told that "Edgar Saltus's latest volume is entitled 'Eden,' and will consist chiefly of a honeymoon episode on Fifth Avenue." Nobody but a person of wonderful imagination would ever think of locating Eden on Fifth Avenue.—*Boston Post.*

HE SAW A MARKET.

FIRST SPECULATOR.—I see by the paper that dueling is being revived in France.

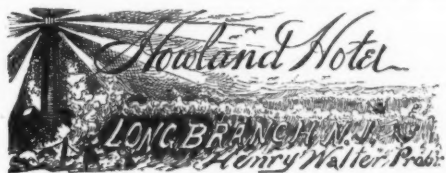
SECOND SPECULATOR.—I go to France on the first boat.

"Not to fight a duel?"

"No; going over on business."

"Business?"

"Yes, I'm going to take over a cargo of blank cartridges."—*Omaha Daily World.*



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TRICYCLES
TANDEMS
DURABLE
SIMPLE
GUARANTEED—HIGHEST GRADE
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SHORTHAND taught by mail or personally. Frank Harrison, Stenographer, Newark, N. J.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Michigan.

PUCK'S LIBRARY, 10c. All Newsdealers.

\$93 Sewing Machine Free!

We want one person in every village, town and township, to keep in their homes a line of our ART SAMPLES; to those who will keep and simply show these samples to those who call, we will send, free, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured in the world, with all the attachments. This machine is made after the SINGER patents, which have expired. Before the patents run out, this style machine, with the attachments, was sold for \$93; it now sells for \$50. Reader, it may seem to you the most WONDERFUL THING ON EARTH, but you can secure one of these machines ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided your application comes in first, from your locality, and if you will keep in your home and show to those who call, a set of our elegant and unequalled art samples. We do not ask you to show these samples for more than two months, and then they become your own property. The art samples are sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE of cost. How can we do all this?—easily enough! We often get as much as \$2,000 or \$3,000 in trade from even a small place, after our art samples have remained where they could be seen for a month or two. We need one person in each locality, all over the country, and take this means of securing them at once. Those who write to us at once, will secure, FREE, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured, and the finest general assortment of works of high art ever shown together in America. All particulars FREE by return mail. Write at once, a postal card on which to write to us will cost you but one cent, and after you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Wonderful as it seems, you need no capital—all is free.

Address at once, FREE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE TARIFF?

Cartoons and Comments from PUCK.

Every voter who desires an excellently illustrated campaign document should send ten cents to Keppler & Schwarzmann, PUCK Building, New York City, for "The Tariff?" It's worth fifty times its cost, and contains much valuable reading matter.—*Doylestown (Pa) Democrat.*

10 Cents per Copy. 10 Cents per Copy.

A liberal discount on quantities. Correspondence invited.

All Newsdealers sell PUCK'S "THE TARIFF QUESTION." Sent on receipt of price by

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,

PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK.

THE Yellowstone National Park, The Wonderland of the World.

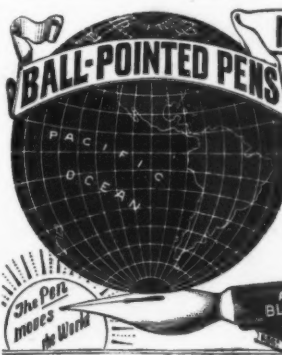
PROF. JOHN MUIR, of California, the distinguished geologist, says the Yellowstone Park "surpasses in wakeful, exciting interest any other region yet discovered on the face of the globe."

The Northern Pacific Railroad—The Dining Car Line,

From St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth to Helena, Butte, Tacoma, Portland, and all Pacific Coast points, is the only rail line to the Yellowstone Park. On application to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minnesota, you will receive, free of charge, a large map of the Park, a Park Guide, Time Tables, Rates, etc.

HENRY LINDENMEYER,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

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MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

The Ball-Pointed pens are suitable for writing in every position; never scratch nor spurt; hold more ink and last longer.

Seven sorts for ledger, rapid, or professional writing. Price, \$1.20 and \$1.50 per gross.

Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.

The "Federation" holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip. Price, 5, 15 and 20 cents.

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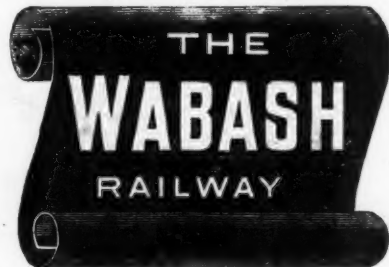
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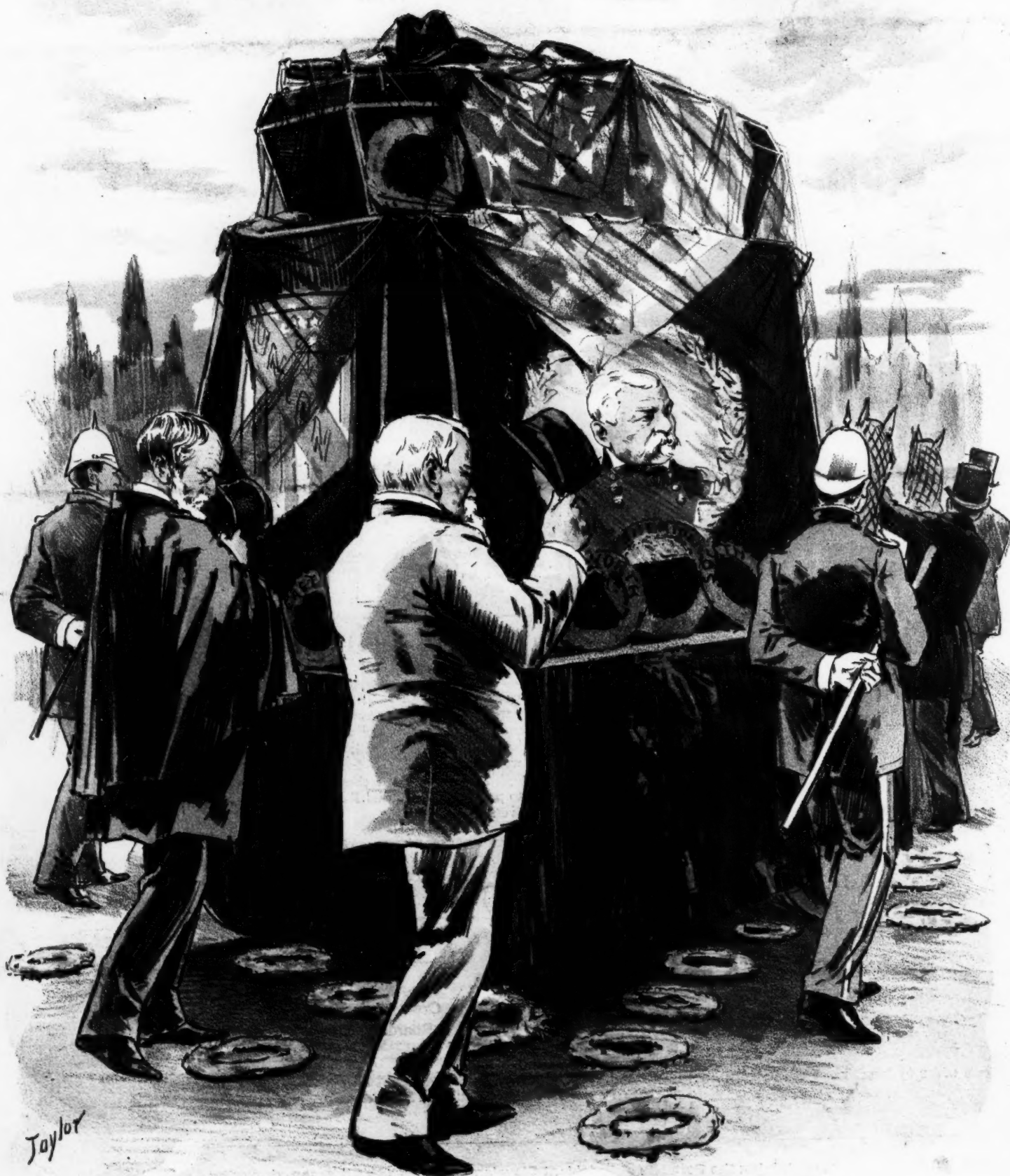
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